THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 2, 1801.

CHARACTER *of the late* DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[From Boſwell's Life of that Writer.]

HIS figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the caſt of an ancient ſtatue, yet his appearance was rendered ſtrange and ſomewhat uncouth by convulſive cramps, by the fears of that diſtemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a ſlovenly mode of dreſs. He had the uſe only of one eye, yet ſo much does mind govern, and even ſupply the deficiency of organs, that his viſual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous uſe of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the ſtruggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode he had no command or direction of his horſe, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his conſtitution and habits of life he ſhould have lived ſeventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preſervative of the human frame. Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities, and theſe will ever ſhew themſelves in a ſtrange ſucceſſion, where a conſiſtency in appearance at leaſt, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philoſophical diſcipline. In proportion to the native vigour of his mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent and more difficult to be adjuſted; and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnſon exhibited an eminent example of this remark, which I have made upon human nature. At different times he

ſeemed a different man in ſome reſpects; not, however, in any great or eſſential article, upon which he had not fully employed his mind and ſettled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the diſplay of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to ſuperſtition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the myſterious, his vigorous reaſon examined the evidence with jealouſy. He was a ſincere and zealous Chriſtian of the high church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely ſuffer to be queſtioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind ſomewhat too much both as to religion and politics. His being impreſſed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent ſpirit, occaſioned his appearing ſomewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of ſentiment which is the beſt poſſeſſion of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices, which, however frequently ſuggeſted many of his pointed ſayings, that rather ſhew a playfulneſs of fancy than any ſettled malignity. He was ſteady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of ſociety, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order: correct, nay ſtern in his taſte, hard to pleaſe, and eaſily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a moſt humane and benevolent heart, which ſhewed itſelf not only in a moſt liberal charity, as far as his circumſtances would allow, but in a thouſand inſtances of active benevolence.

He was afflicted with a bodily diſeaſe, which made him often reſtleſs and fretful; and with a conſtitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightneſs of his fancy, and gave a gloomy caſt to his whole courſe of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his ſallies of impatience and paſſion at any time, eſpecially when provoked by obſtruſive ignorance or preſuming petulance, and allowance muſt be made for his uttering haſty and ſatirical ſallies, even againſt his beſt friends! And ſurely when it is conſidered that, "amidſt ſickneſs and ſorrow" he exerted his faculties in ſo many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable dictionary of our language, we muſt be aſtoniſhed at his reſolution. The ſolemn text—"Of him to whom much is given much will be required," ſeems to have been ever preſent to his mind in a rigorous ſenſe, and to have made him diſſatisfied with his labours and acts of goodneſs, however comparatively

ratively great; ſo that the unavoidable conſciouſneſs of his ſuperiority was, in that reſpect, a cauſe of diſquiet. He ſuffered ſo much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made ſolitude frightful, that it may be ſaid of him—" If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men moſt miſerable."

He loved praiſe when it was brought to him, but was too proud to ſeek for it. He was ſomewhat ſuſceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his ſtudies, he cannot be conſidered as maſter of any one particular ſcience; but he had accumulated a vaſt and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was ſo arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readineſs to be brought forth. But his ſuperiority over other learned men conſiſted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of uſing his mind, a certain continual power of ſeizing the uſeful ſubſtance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner, ſo that knowledge, which we often ſee to be no better than lumber in men of dull underſtanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wiſdom.

His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the baſis of common ſenſe, and a very attentive and minute ſurvey of real life. His mind was ſo full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. Yet it is remarkable that, however rich his proſe is, in this reſpect his poetical pieces in general have not much of that ſplendour, but are rather diſtinguiſhed by ſtrong ſentiment and acute obſervation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verſe, particularly in heroic couplets.

Though uſually grave, and even aweful in his deportment, he poſſeſſed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged himſelf in colloquial pleaſantry, and the heartieſt merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poiſonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was ſalutary to thoſe who ſhared in it.

He had accuſtomed himſelf to ſuch accuracy in his common converſation, that he at all times expreſſed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice and a ſlow deliberate utterance. In him were united a moſt logical head with a moſt fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reaſon cloſe or wide, as he ſaw beſt at the moment.

Exulting in his intellectual ſtrength and dexterity, he could, when he pleaſed be the greateſt ſophiſt that ever contended in the liſts of declamation; and from a ſpirit of contradiction, and a delight in ſhewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong ſide with equal warmth and ingenuity; ſo that when there was an audience, his real opinions could ſeldom be gathered from his talk, though when he was in company with a ſingle friend, he would diſcuſs a ſubject with genuine fairneſs; but he was too conſcientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earneſtly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being the conſtant and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnſon, a man whoſe talents, acquirements, and virtues were ſo extraordinary, that the more his character is conſidered the more will he be regarded by the preſent age, and by poſterity, with admiration and reverence.

Account of Aldheim, an old Saxon Poet.

THOUGH the Engliſh began to apply to learning in the former part of the ſeventh century, yet it was near the concluſion of it before any of them acquired much literary fame. Aldheim, a near relation, if not the nephew of Ina, King of the Weſt Saxons, was the firſt who did ſo. Having received the firſt part of his education in the ſchool with one Macdulf, a learned Scot, who ſat up in the place where Malmſbury now ſtands, he travelled into France and Italy for his improvement. At his return, he ſtudied ſome time under Adrian, Abbot of St. Auguſtine's in Canterbury, the moſt learned profeſſor of the ſciences who had ever been in England. In theſe different ſeminaries, he acquired a very uncommon ſtock of knowledge, and became famous for his learning, not only in England, but in foreign countries; whence ſeveral learned men ſent him their writings for his peruſal and correction; particularly Prince Arcivil, a ſon of the King of Scotland, who wrote many pieces, which he ſent to Aldheim, "intreating him to give them their laſt poliſh by rubbing off their Scotch ruſt." He was the firſt Engliſhman who wrote in the Latin language, both in proſe and verſe, and compoſed a book for the inſtruction of his countrymen in the proſody of that language. Beſides this he wrote ſeveral other treatiſes on different ſubjects, ſome of which are loſt and others publiſhed by Martin, Delrio, and Caniſius. Venerable

nerable Bede, who flouriſhed in the end of this, and beginning of the next century, gives the following character of Aldheim. "He was a man of univerſal erudition, having an elegant ſtyle, and being wonderfully well acquainted with books, both on philoſophical and religious ſubjects." Alfred uſed to ſay that Aldheim was the beſt of all the Saxon poets, and that a favourite ſong, which was univerſally ſung in his time, near two hundred years after its author's death, was of his compoſition. When he was Abbot of Malmſbury, having a fine voice and great ſkill in muſic as well as poetry, and obſerving the backwardneſs of his barbarous countrymen to liſten to grave inſtructions, he compoſed a number of little poems, which he ſang to them after maſs in the ſweeteſt manner, by which they were gradually inſtructed and civilized. After this excellent man had governed the monaſtery of Malmſbury, of which he was the founder, about thirty years, he was made Biſhop of Sherborne, where he died, A. D. 709.

Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 *and* 1797.

[Continued from Page 65.]

THE diſputes between Damberger and his miſtreſs, whom he repreſents as a very ill-diſpoſed woman, becoming more and more ſerious, rendered his ſituation extremely diſagreeable. He found too that an appeal to his maſter was uſeleſs, he being completely governed by his wife. The malice of this woman was ſo great, that Damberger underſtood that, through her influence, his fate would be to be ſent to Batavia, there to remain all the future term of his ſervitude. Of the country and ſervice of Batavia he was led to form the moſt frightful ideas. All theſe circumſtances combined induced him to reſolve to deſert.

After, however, frankly telling his maſter, that he would ſooner rejoin his regiment, than remain under the orders of his miſtreſs, he obtained leave to return to the Cape. He was, notwithſtanding, ſtill liable to be apprehended as a deſerter, having obtained no legal diſcharge.

He gives the following particulars of the coloniſts of the Cape of Good Hope:

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" The coloniſts are not poſſeſſed of much ready money: their riches conſiſt chiefly of cattle and ſlaves. The pooreſt of them has at leaſt ten ſlaves, which, on his firſt forming a ſettlement, are lent him by the Eaſt India Company, the coloniſt paying an annual intereſt of ten guilders* for each. If he wiſhes to have the ſlaves as his own property, he muſt give a bond of two hundred guilders for each, payable within ten years, either in money or with corn, or ſome other products of his farm. Moſt of the coloniſts follow the chace; and each of them receives from the Company annually four pounds of gun-powder and one pound of lead, and likewiſe ſhot-money, if he delivers the ſkins to the Company's agents."

Damberger ſet out on a journey into the Hottentot country in the month of February, and on the 27th of that month arrived at the firſt " Hottentot-Kraal, which conſiſted of about twenty huts, and was called, after the name of the chief, Wahhab's Kraal. A herdſman eſpied me coming, and haſtened to the kraal to announce my arrival: immediately two ſtout fellows, young Hottentots, came forth, with javelins in their hands, viewed me, and then advanced towards me, inquiring whether I came alone, whether I belonged to the coloniſts, and to what place I intended to go. I anſwered their queſtions as well as I could, and was then conducted by them into the kraal to the Montur, for ſo the chief is called. He ordered them to give me ſome milk, and he himſelf preſented me with ſome maize which had been roaſted, for which I paid a Dutch florin. I requeſted a night's lodging: he not only granted my requeſt, but gave me an invitation to remain in the kraal as long as I pleaſed, and added that he would take care to ſupply me with proviſions. Towards evening almoſt all the inhabitants of the kraal aſſembled on a green before the hut of the chief, and diverted themſelves with ſinging and dancing.

" I knew that the habitation of the coloniſt Walther, who diſtilled brandy-wine, was not above three Engliſh miles diſtant from the kraal: I accordingly wrote a note to the proprietor, encloſing three guilders, for which I deſired him to ſend me ſome ſhirts. The chief [of the hut, whoſe name was Wahhab] diſpatched a man with this note, who, in a few hours, returned with a ſmall caſk of ſpirits, the three florins I had ſent to pay for it, and a letter from Walther, containing an invitation to viſit him the following morning.

* A guilder is worth about 1s. 9d. Engliſh.

"The leader, or chieftain, to whom I delivered the brandy, gave a dram to every one preſent, and ordered the reſt to be depoſited in his hut. About midnight we went to reſt; I ſlept tolerably well on a mat in the back part of the hut. About eight o'clock in the morning I was wakened by my hoſt, who offered me ſome milk and a piece of broiled mutton; he at the ſame time entreated me to ſtay with him a few days longer, to which I agreed. At noon I paid a viſit to Mr. Walther, who received me kindly, and forbore aſking any queſtion reſpecting the purpoſe of my journey. On taking leave of him, I offered to pay for the brandy, but he declined accepting any money, adding, that if ſome day or other he ſhould come to the Cape, I might be able to do him a favour in return, which I promiſed I would.

"I continued nine days with this horde, and made ſo many acquaintances, that they at laſt endeavoured to prevail upon me to ſettle here and take a wife. I declined this propoſal as well as I could, but promiſed to pay them another viſit, and found an opportunity of purſuing my journey, in company with four Hottentots of another kraal, who had come to purchaſe ſome ſheep. All my acquaintance were extremely concerned at my departure, and I ſhould have felt happy in rendering myſelf uſeful to theſe good-natured people, if the plan and purpoſe of my journey had permitted me to remain longer with them. Our road lay over the Milk-mountain, where we encountered many difficulties and troubles, our way being conſtantly obſtructed by brambles and reed-graſs, ſo that the firſt day, though we travelled only two miles, we were nevertheleſs extremely fatigued. We paſſed the night on the banks of the Silver-river, without enjoying one moment's ſleep, as the wolves gathered around us, endeavouring to fall upon our ſheep. We durſt not venture to kindle a fire, leſt we ſhould be burnt in the high half-dried graſs; my fellow travellers, the Hottentots, therefore, applied themſelves to making mats of reed-graſs by the light of the moon.

"In the morning we reached the ſummit of the Milk-mountain, where we found good graſs, ſat down to breakfaſt, and turned the ſheep to graze. I had ſcarcely began to eat, when on looking round I perceived ten men haſtening up to us with the utmoſt ſpeed: I aſked my fellow travellers, who had not yet ſeen them, whether they knew who they were, and what their intentions were by their making up to us. They were ſo terrified at ſight of them that they could hardly give me an anſwer; at laſt, however, I underſtood from them that

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they were Boſchmen, and intended to rob them of their ſheep. I exhorted them to take courage, prepared for defence, charged my carabine, and directed my companions how to act: I then fired on the Boſchmen, and one of them fell; the reſt threw ſome javelins and fled. My companions were highly pleaſed with my conduct, and expreſſed their eſteem for me both by words and geſtures. We now quitted the mountain, and ſoon reached a hamlet, where we refreſhed ourſelves, and afterwards purſued our journey. The night being very fine we took advantage of it, and continued our journey; in the morning we reached the village where my companions lived: being worn out with fatigue, and not having enjoyed the leaſt ſleep for ſeveral nights together, I laid down before the hut, and fell aſleep. When I awoke both my watch and carabine were gone: ſeverely hurt and terrified at this loſs, I ran into the hut, but here I could obtain no tidings of either; at laſt one of my fellow-travellers took me into his hut, and delivered me my carabine and watch. He told me that he had taken them with him by way of precaution, leſt I ſhould be robbed of them during my ſleep: he regaled me with milk and mutton. While I was eating this homely meal the chieftain entered the hut, dreſſed in his richeſt attire, bowed to me ſeveral times, and thanked me for the aſſiſtance I had given to his comrades, relating, at the ſame time, that the ſame Boſchmen, a few days ſince, had robbed the hamlet of thirty ſheep. I enquired into the ſtrength of the horde, and their place of reſidence, and learned that they were about thirty in number, and inhabited the Schlangenberg (Snake-mountain) about a league diſtant, where they had ſecured themſelves againſt attack by an abattis, and by heaps of ſtones. I told the chief that it was not impoſſible to ſubdue them, and that I would lead his people on to the attack, if they would aſſiſt me. Although the chieftain was much pleaſed with my plan, eſpecially as it afforded an opportunity of recovering the ſtolen ſheep, yet he made ſeveral objections, which being refuted by me, he warmly embraced my deſign, encouraged his comrades to take a ſhare in its execution, and obſerved to them that unleſs the Boſchmen were diſlodged from the neighbourhood, they might commit many more robberies. Out of the eighty male inhabitants of the village, about twenty offered to join in the expedition againſt the Boſchmen under my command. I delivered the neceſſary inſtructions, and gave orders that every one ſhould provide themſelves with a good cudgel, a bundle of dry graſs, and ſome ſmall dry wood.

They did ſo; at the fall of night we put ourſelves in motion, and advanced without the leaſt noiſe towards the mountain. Here I divided our corps into two troops; one diviſion I commanded myſelf, and the other I put under the orders of the chieftain. We now advanced againſt the firſt entrenchment, which was ſet on fire, and the wind ſpreading the flames, the whole mountain was ſoon in a blaze. We then took poſt again at the foot of the mountain, on the ſpot where we thought the enemy would ſally forth: we had ſcarcely occupied our poſt, when we heard dreadful howls, and diſcovered ſeveral Boſchmen, half burnt by the fire; to terrify them ſtill more, and to give the Hottentots the ſignal agreed on, I fired upon the fugitives, who were now attacked and ſlain by the Hottentots. Thus was this band of robbers entirely deſtroyed, and my friends not only recovered their own ſheep, but took many others belonging to the enemy, which were found on the other ſide of the mountain. The number of Boſchmen killed could not be aſcertained, but the mountain continued to burn the whole of the following day.

On our return to the village we were received with ſhouts of acclamations, and the joy of the inhabitants increaſed when they ſaw the return of their ſheep, and learned that their enemies were either ſlain or diſperſed. I was fatigued and retired to reſt in the hut of the chieftain, but the Hottentots paſſed the whole night in merriment and joy. I continued about a fortnight with theſe good people, by whom I was loved and reſpected, and who vied with each other to ſupply me with milk and meat, and to procure me all the comforts which they had the power of beſtowing. But as the preſent ſeaſon was the beſt for travelling, I reſolved to purſue my journey, and to avail myſelf, for that purpoſe, of the winter, as it is called, which begins in April, and is merely diſtinguiſhed by ſome cool and rainy weather.

(To be continued.)

Abſtract of an Act for preventing the Manufacturing of fine Flour, and making Bread ſolely from fine Flour of Wheat.

THAT from the 24th of January, no meal, the produce of wheat, or any other grain, ſhall be dreſſed into any finer deſcription of meal or flour than ſuch as can be dreſſed

by or through wire machines conſtructed with not more than thirteen wires of the uſual and known ſize, weight, and thickneſs on each ſide of a ſquare inch, or cloths correſponding to ſuch wire machines, called 8s. 6d. ſeamed cloths, or patent cloths, number two: under a penalty of a ſum not exceeding 5l. nor leſs than 10s. for every ſuch buſhel, and ſo in proportion for every ſmaller quantity; nor ſhall any other machine or cloths than ſuch as are before deſcribed be uſed by any miller or other perſon whatever from the reſpective dates above mentioned, under a penalty, for every ſuch offence, of the ſum of 1000l.

That from the 31ſt day of January, 1801, no meal or flour of any finer ſort, ſhall be ſold or expoſed to ſale by any perſon whatever, (except flour imported and ſold in the barrels in which it is imported) under a penalty of a ſum not exceeding 5l. nor leſs than 10s. for every buſhel, and ſo in proportion for every ſmaller quantity of meal or flour ſo ſold.

That from the 7th day of February, 1801, no perſon ſhall bake or make for private uſe or for ſale, or expoſe to ſale, or ſhall ſell, or expoſe to ſale, any bread made from any wheaten meal or flour, unmixed, of any finer ſort, under a penalty of a ſum not exceeding 5l. nor leſs than 10s. for every peck loaf of bread ſo baked, made, or ſold, and ſo in proportion for every ſmaller quantity.

That from the 31ſt of January, 1801, an aſſize *may* be ſet to regulate the price of all the wheaten bread made of the fineſt ſort of wheaten flour allowed by the act, and upon no other ſort of bread, whether wheaten or mixed, according to prices to be regulated by the tables in the ſchedule, according to the rules and directions annexed thereto, from the average price of the fineſt ſort of wheaten flour allowed by the act to be manufactured.

That from the ſaid 31ſt of January, 1801, when any price of wheaten bread of the fineſt ſort allowed ſhall be ſet, no perſon ſhall then make for ſale, or ſell or expoſe to ſale, any other ſort of bread, whether wheaten or made of wheat mixed with any other corn, grain, or pulſe, at a higher rate than ſhall be ſet, under a penalty.

That after the 31ſt day of January, although no aſſize or price of wheaten bread of the fineſt ſort ſhall be ſet, no perſon ſhall make for ſale, or ſell or expoſe to ſale, any other ſort of bread, whether wheaten or mixed, at any higher price or rate than the wheaten bread of the fineſt ſort ſhall at the ſame time ſell for in the place (or where no ſuch bread

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ſhall be ſold in the ſame place, or the neareſt adjoining place,) under penalty.

That after the paſſing of the act, notwithſtanding any aſſize, any perſon may make, bake, ſell, and expoſe to ſale, loaves made of wheaten meal of a coarſer ſort, or made of any ſort of wheaten meal or flour mixed with the meal or flour of any other corn, grain, or pulſe whatever, or with potatoes, in any proportions they ſhall deem proper, and at any price, ſo that ſuch price ſhall not exceed the price of the wheaten bread, upon which an aſſize or price ſhall be ſet, in purſuance of an act or acts of Parliament.*

That every perſon who ſhall make or bake any ſuch wheaten bread made of any meal or flour of an inferior quality to the fineſt ſort of flour allowed by the act, or any mixed bread, ſhall diſtinctly mark upon every loaf of ſuch wheaten bread a large Roman H. and upon every loaf of ſuch mixed bread a large Roman M.

Perſons omitting to make ſuch wheaten or mixed bread, as directed, or not well making ſuch bread, or adulterating, or making or baking for ſale, or ſelling or expoſing to ſale any loaves deficient in weight, ſhall be liable to penalties, forfeitures, and puniſhments.

Powers of acts in force relating to making returns of meal, ſetting an aſſize and weighing bread, or ſearching for adulterating ingredients, to extend to this act.

Thirty-ſixth Geo. III. cap. 22, repealed.†

Power to magiſtrates to determine caſes, and to enforce payment of penalties—diſtribution of penalties—compel the attendance of witneſſes—forms of conviction, &c. &c. Limitation of proſecutions to fourteen days.

Act to continue in force until the 6th day of November, 1801, and from thence to the end of ſix weeks from the commencement of the then next ſeſſion of Parliament.

* This clauſe permitted the making coarſer and cheaper bread, notwithſtanding any aſſize previous to the other parts of the act becoming effective.

† This act permitted the making of mixed bread under certain reſtrictions now repealed, and the proviſions in clauſe 8. are ſubſtituted inſtead of that act.

Story of Loiſa, the Maid of the Hay-Stack.

LATELY died, in Guy's Hoſpital, London, the once-unfortunately celebrated Loiſa, or Lady of the Hay-

Stack; who, about eighteen years ago, was found to have taken up her reſidence under that ſhelter, in the pariſh of Bourton, near Briſtol, in a ſtate of melancholy derangement. She then appeared to be under twenty years of age. This very extraordinary woman, whoſe "Tale of Woe" was firſt told to the public by Miſs Hannah More, has naturally ceaſed, for a conſiderable time paſt, to intereſt the general curioſity.

During ſeveral days of her abode under the hay-ſtack, (from which ſhe at laſt permitted herſelf to be removed with reluctance) ſhe was viſited, and irregularly fed, by the country-people, till the hand of more happy ſympathy and compaſſion provided her better protection. As her name was unknown, ſhe was immediately diſtinguiſhed by that of Loiſa. It may be gratifying to many on this occaſion to learn, that during a conſiderable interval, in which ſhe afterwards remained in retirement, and before ſhe was admitted, as incurable, into the aſylum in which ſhe died, ſhe was chiefly ſupported by a voluntary ſubſcription under the management of Miſs Hannah More and her ſiſters. Thoſe active advocates of humanity, who never yet began a good work and grew weary of well-doing, having loſt the pecuniary aſſiſtance of moſt others, continued to ſupply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor ſolitary ſtranger, at the expence of more than ten pounds per annum, till her deceaſe. They would be the laſt to wiſh that ſuch an inſtance of benevolence ſhould be publicly mentioned; but it is a tribute due, not leſs to them than to the intereſts of ſociety.

The ſame kind, and much the ſame degree, of mental derangement, which the "Tale of Woe" deſcribed, remained with Loiſa to the laſt. In her general conduct ſhe exhibited the various common evidences of the moſt confirmed inſanity; which, in addition to the contraction of her limbs, from her expoſure to cold in the open field, and from her future propenſity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the ſtrongeſt pity. But her inſanity was uniformly remarkable in this—that, however diſordered and childiſh her affections and reſentments, ſhe never could be drawn into any explanation reſpecting her family, her connections, or her country: however affable and unguarded ſhe might ſometimes appear, the moment any perſon put a queſtion, directly or indirectly relative to thoſe topics, or made any alluſion to them, however diſtant, ſhe always changed countenance, aſſumed an air of ſuſpicion, grew grave, and inflexibly

flexibly ſilent,—or would inſtantly touch on ſome other ſubject.

From her accent, ſhe was undoubtedly of German origin; but though ſhe knew little of Engliſh, ſhe avoided converſing in any foreign language. Her manners, and occaſional movements, indicated ſuperior rank: and her frequent exclamations of "dear papa," and "dear mama," in connection with ideas of equipage and ornaments, led to that concluſion.

Many endeavours were uſed, on the Continent, to trace her family, by circulating her deſcription and ſtory in the public prints, but without effect. The myſtery of this ſilence was too remarkable, not to confirm the firſt opinion of her being a perſon above the common claſſes, with the additional probability of ſome unhappy and treacherous ſeduction. This laſt opinion, from the whole of the diſtreſsful evidence, incluſive of the perſonal part which poor Loiſa ſometimes involuntarily furniſhed, is not doubted by thoſe, who, with the writer of this article, early ſaw and cloſely obſerved her.

The conviction that it is poſſible for any man, making pretenſions to honour, or even of diſtinction from a brutal nature, ſo to betray, and ſo to abandon, in a foreign land, youth, beauty, the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility, and perhaps the moſt engaging innocence, fills the mind with horror of the deed, and with ſhame and indignation for the character! Such profligacy, in this inſtance, may have been of foreign production. But comparatively happy would it be for this country, alſo, if inſtances did not abound, among us, of ſimilar atrocity, in thoſe who on inferior occaſions will make high pretenſions to honour and principle, but who ſeek every opportunity of ſeducing from the abodes of paternal affection, or of innocent employment, whatever is the moſt fair and inexperienced;—rioting in its ruin for a ſhort ſeaſon, and then committing the greater crime of abandonment to infamy! The theme is unhappily too common to need proof, and too mournful to dwell on.

The poor departed child of miſery, whoſe ſtory is here again revived, is too ſtrong an inſtance of ſuffering, and excites too much feeling, to be permitted to paſs, in the common courſe to oblivion, if it could be avoided. Under this impreſſion, permit me to attempt ſomething in the character of an epitaph. But, alas! poor Loiſa's tablet of remembrance may only be found in the ſympathetic boſom of a few ſurviving friends!

In

In yonder duſt,—unmark'd for public fame,
Low reſt the relicks of Loiſa's frame!
Poor hapleſs ſuff'rer, of the maniac line!
Thy wrongs no more a tortur'd breaſt confine!
Enough for thee, that ling'ring ſorrows breath
Found final reſcue in the boon of death!
Conſol'd be they, who ſought thy ſoul's relief;
Tormented they, who overwhelm'd with grief!
Accurs'd the crime, that 'reft thy reaſon's ray,
Tho' thou be ranſom'd for eternal day!
And where frail innocence would vice repel,
May guardian angels thy ſad ſtory tell!

W. M.

Bath, January 20, 1801.

ADDRESS *to the* RICH *in* BEHALF *of the* POOR.

My Fellow Chriſtians,

PERMIT me to addreſs you in behalf of our indigent brethren, belonging to this town and pariſh; and, as you have a regard for your precious ſouls, I entreat you to give the ſubject due conſideration. The neceſſities of the times are peculiarly preſſing; but they, within our ſmall circle, may be in ſome meaſure alleviated by your timely aſſiſtance. An entire giving of your property is not meant; but whatever offer of gain is made to you, for the ſale of your different commodities to any ſtrangers or monopolizers, millers, bakers, or maltſters, let it be rejected with an honeſt indignation, ariſing from a feeling heart. Pay particular attention to your corn, milk, potatoes, and other vegetables. Expoſe them to ſale with moderation, both publicly and privately, that the poor may have a ſupply as their exigencies require: alſo extend your charity to them, that they may purchaſe ſome animal food. Perhaps you may give up a little worldly gain by this proceeding; but then, by thus favouring and aſſiſting your poor, you will lay up a laſting and ſubſtantial treaſure. Never was there ſuch an opportunity offered as at preſent: it is the will of Providence, and let us not counteract its deſign. Now it will turn to treble account, and at the time of harveſt, there is the greateſt probability, that your charitable acts will be amply repaid; that your barns will be filled with plenty, and your cattle be proſperous. If we befriend the poor now, in the day of

want, they will befriend us hereafter, at the laſt deciſive day; they will be our powerful advocates at the throne of grace. It is recorded in the holy ſcriptures, that the curſe of Heaven lighteth upon him that withholdeth corn, but there is a bleſſing on him that bringeth it forward and expoſeth it to ſale. Conſider this, my dear friends! Such imprecations enter the ears of the Almighty.

Oh! let the cries of infants excited by hunger, hanging about their parents' knees, open your hearts; afford them ſuſtenance, for without it they periſh. Let us, by our example, ſtrive to influence others; but if we cannot ſoften the hard hearts of our neighbours, and melt them to human kindneſs, we ſhall have the pleaſing ſatisfaction of a quiet conſcience, and may ſay to ourſelves, that we have done our utmoſt.

The poor, on ſeeing we have a regard for their happineſs, (though diſtreſſed) will ſmile around us, and we ſhall be a happy people within ourſelves. Let us only reflect for a moment, that, by being inſtrumental in doing good to our fellow-creatures, we ſhall adminiſter the greateſt pleaſure to the faithful monitor within our boſoms. This is an ever-preſent deity. The duty we owe to ourſelves is but as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared to the duty we owe to our poor neighbours. For my own part as a Chriſtian, a clergyman, and a magiſtrate, I will aſſiſt you in any plan, that may be deviſed for the benefit and comfort of the poor, with my heart, my hand, and my purſe, to the utmoſt of my ability.

That God may bleſs you and your families, in all your virtuous and godly endeavours, is the cordial wiſh of,

Your faithful brother and ſervant,

JOHN OLIVER.

Devonſhire.

Sketch of the Life and Character of the late Bryan Edwards, Eſq.

THIS gentleman was a native of the iſland of Jamaica, where he inherited an ample property. Poſſeſſing a ſtrong and ardent mind, improved by a liberal education, and endowed with a ſolid and juſt judgment, he made a conſpicuous figure in the republic of letters. He publiſhed, in 1784, "Thoughts on the late Proceedings of Government reſpecting

reſpecting the Trade of the Weſt-India Iſlands, with the United States of North America."

The exertions of ſome eminent perſonages who with great zeal aimed at the abolition of the ſlave trade, if not the emancipation of the negroes throughout the colonies, next induced Mr. Edwards to preſent himſelf to the public as an author. He ſaw the difference between abſtract theory and practical truth, and lamenting that the property of a large and reſpectable portion of the King's ſubjects ſhould be rendered precarious, and their perſons and conduct odious, from ill-directed efforts of misjudging, though well-meaning, individuals.

He exerted himſelf in the legiſlature of his native iſland to induce them to take ſuch meaſures as would prevent the Britiſh Parliament from perſiſting in a ſyſtem which he conſidered injurious and unjuſt: he publiſhed "A Speech delivered at a free Conference between the Council and Aſſembly of Jamaica, held the 25th of November, 1789, on the Subject of Mr. Wilberforce's Propoſitions concerning the Slave Trade."

His greateſt work, and that which will tranſmit his name with luſtre to poſterity, is, "The Hiſtory Civil and Commercial of the Britiſh Colonies in the Weſt Indies," in two volumes, quarto, 1793. In 1796, he gave to the public "The Proceedings of the Governor and Aſſembly of Jamaica in regard to the Maroon Negroes," in one volume octavo; and in 1797, "An Hiſtorical Survey of the French Colony in the Iſland of Saint Domingo."

This work occaſioned an angry anſwer, which was publiſhed in French and in Engliſh by Colonel de Charmilly, a native of the iſland, but neither Mr. Edwards nor the public took the ſlighteſt notice of the Colonel's pamphlet.

At the laſt general election Mr. Edwards was returned Member for Grampound, in Cornwall: he made his firſt ſpeech in defence of his countrymen againſt the advocates for the abolition of ſlavery, and his harangue was noticed for the ſound ſenſe it contained, and the blunt rough manner in which it was delivered. Bryan Edwards was celebrated for a conſiderable portion of ſarcaſtic wit, and is ſaid by the exerciſe of this quality to have rid Jamaica of the ſatiriſt Peter Pindar. He died the 16th of July, 1800, leaving his large fortune to his ſon: his reſidence was the abode of compaſſion and hoſpitality; the workmen he employed, and the poor he relieved, teſtify, by their regrets, the value of his private character.

AN ANECDOTE.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER was a man to be tickled with flattery. He was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great glutton. Old Tonſon, the bookſeller, got many pictures from him by playing one of theſe paſſions off againſt the other. He would tell Kneller he was the greateſt maſter that ever was, and ſend him every now and then a haunch of veniſon, and dozens of claret. "O my God!" ſaid he once to Vandergucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you ſee he loves me, for he ſends me good things; the veniſon was fat!"

The above inſtance, and many others that might be produced, ſufficiently prove, that Sir Godfrey Kneller though a great painter, was exceſſively vain. He could indeed ſwallow the groſſeſt flattery.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers, to C. B. W.'s Charade, inſerted November 10.

NEAR Taunton Dean, as now I tell,
Is CROWCOMBE COURT at which you dwell.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from Serjeant Whittle, of the Uplyme Volunteers; R. B. of Poole; Serjeant Aſh of the Exminſter Volunteers; J Ball, jun. Taunton; J. R. Toulmin; Primroſe, of Weſt Coker; and T. Coumbe, of Stonehouſe.

Anſwer, by W. England, of Lyme, to R. Thomas's Charade, inſerted November 17.

THRO' the RED-SEA did Iſrael paſs,
The Egyptians try'd in vain;
And by the hands of Providence
Fell victims in the main.

†*† Similar anſwers have been received from W. Saunders, jun. Loddiſwell; T. Jarvis, Malborough; J. King, Kingſbridge; G. England, of Uplyme; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; E. T. S. G. Baker, R. Baker, and J. Moore, jun. of Poole; J. Ball, jun. Taunton; J. H. of Plymouth Dock; T. Churchouſe, Yeovil; W. Gregory, W. Harris, jun. and H. H. of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; T. Tayler, Bridgewater; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; W. Maddick, of Rattery; W. Brock, Evercreech; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; J. R. Toulmin, of Taunton; J. Staples, of Briſtol; R. Meager, Luxullion; R. Maſſett, Saltaſh; J. Ninnis, St. Agnes; William Chudleigh, Newton Buſhel; and R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole.

A QUESTION, *by Philotechus.*

AT a certain gentleman's houſe in my neighbourhood was found, among ſome old lumber, a large ſquare board, which appeared to have once been a ſun-dial, but the lines and figures were entirely effaced, except the hour-line of ſix, which, by the help of a pair of compaſſes and a ſcale of chords, I found made an angle of 47° with the channel, &c. on which the gnomon had been fixed: at the top of the board was this inſcription on a braſs plate, viz. "An erect dial to face S. S. E. point of the horizon. W. M. fecit. 1622." I ſhould be obliged to any of your mathematical correſpondents who would inform me for what latitude this was deſigned.

A CHARADE, *by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter.*

WHEN Sol from yonder eaſtern ſkies
Salutes the roſeate morn,
My firſt on flutt'ring wing doth riſe,
Thro' airy regions borne.
My next with jockies and with grooms
At hunt and race is found:
Cement theſe parts, ſagacious youths,
A flow'r they will expound.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

A Kind of tree that's ever green,
My firſt it will unfold;
A wine that's pleaſant to the taſte,
Dear gents. muſt next be told.
Now if you do theſe parts ſet down,
And place them right and true,
A kind of plant, I make no doubt,
Dear Sirs, 'twill bring to view.

☞ *W. Hobbs, jun. of Exeter, deſires us to ſay that the anagrammatical rebus, inſerted December* 23, 1799, *was not a borrowed one, but really his own production, notwithſtanding any groundleſs aſſertions made to the contrary.*

*** *A variety of communications are unavoidably omitted on account of their inaccuracy.*

POETRY.

CONTRAST *between the* PLOUGH-HORSE *and the* POST-HORSE.

[From Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.]

SHORT-SIGHTED Dobbin, thou canſt only ſee
The trivial hardſhips that encompaſs thee;
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repoſe,
Could the poor poſt-horſe tell thee all his woes,
Shew thee his bleeding ſhoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguiſh he endures for gold;
Hir'd at each call of buſineſs, luſt, or rage,
That prompt the traveller on from ſtage to ſtage,
Still on his ſtrength depends their boaſted ſpeed,
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed;
And tho' he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra ſhilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter ſcourge—'tis he muſt feel
The double efforts of the laſh and ſteel;
Till when up-hill the deſtin'd inn he gains,
And, trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his noſtrils darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;
Drops chaſe each other down his cheſt and ſides,
And ſpatter'd mud his native colour hides;
Thro' his ſwoll'n veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a ſep'rate torture knows.
His harneſs loos'd, he welcomes eager ey'd
The pail's full draught that quivers by his ſide,
And joys to ſee the well-known ſtable door,
As the ſtarv'd mariner the friendly ſhore.
Ah! well for him if here his ſuff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of reſt his pain appeas'd;
But rous'd again, and ſternly bade to riſe,
And ſhake refreſhing ſlumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhauſted ſpirit can return,
Or thro' his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he muſt, tho' limping, maim'd, and ſore,
He hears the whip—the chaiſe is at the door;
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd, again the wheels
With tireſome ſameneſs in his ears reſound,
O'er blinding duſt, or miles of flinty ground;
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'rers wear his life away.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A HYMN, *compoſed on New-Year's Morning*, 1802.

O THOU! whoſe all-ſuſtaining might
Supports the ſeaſons as they roll;

Who

Who wheel'ſt thoſe orbs that ſhed their light
O'er nature's face from pole to pole!

Shall I behold the morn ariſe,
Behold the new-born year begin?
Nor lift my voice, nor raiſe my eyes,
To thee, O Univerſal King?

No! let my every power engage,
(Sublimer thoughts, O lend your aid!)
By every creature, every age,
Thy wond'rous goodneſs be diſplay'd.

Another tranſient year is fled,
And in it thouſands met their doom!
Were number'd with the ſilent dead,
And now lie mouldering in the tomb.

And why, O Gracious God! was I,
Why was I ſpar'd thy grace to ſee?
Why was I not condemn'd to die,
And erſt to meet eternity?

O! 'tis thy all-abſorbing love,
Thy love unmerited, unknown!
Thy ſparing mercy from above
To me a worthleſs creature ſhown.

Then let my heart and voice combine,
My every inward power prepare,
Thy love O Deity divine!
In ſwelling accents to declare.

Uplyme. GEORGE ENGLAND.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SIMILE, *in an Addreſs to a Young Friend in the Country.*

By HOULTON HARRIS.

SO the bright orb, when firſt he quits his bed,
Pours from his throne a ſtream of azure-red;
The lovely proſpect feaſts the ſhepherd's eye,
All nature ſmiles at ſuch a promis'd ſky;
And if no clouds obſcure his dawning ray,
Improving ſtill he brightens into day;
Charms every heart, refreſhes every ſoil,
And all creation wears a happy ſmile.

EPITAPH *on a* FEMALE.

HERE lies the much-fam'd Poll Dimmock
Who, living, never had a ſmock;
Give her but drink, ſhe felt no cold,
A noted trull, an arrant ſcold;
A common ſewer of beer and gin,
A tongue of everlaſting din;
If women ay were ſuch as ſhe,
The grave might have them all for me.